

And this the noble Bodie : I am settred,
 Vtterly lost ; My Virgins faith has fled me :
 For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
 Now if my Sister ; More for *Palamon*,
 Stand both together ; Now, come aske me Brother,
 Alas, I know not : aske me now sweet Sister,
 I may goe looke ; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
 That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,
 Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir ?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
 Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come.

Emil. To end the quarrell ?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end first :

What sinnes have I committed, chaste *Diana*,
 That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd
 With blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie
 Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
 Two greater, and two better never yet
 Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
 To my unhappy Beautie ?

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theseus. Bring 'em in quickly,
 By any meanes, I long to see 'em.
 Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
 And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Sister,
 You must love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
 So neither for my sake should fall uncimely

Enter Messengers. Curtis.

Thes. Who saw 'em ?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Thes. From whence come you Sir ?

Mess. From the Knights.

Thes.

Thes. Pray speake
 You that have seene them, what they are.

Mess. I will Sir,
 And truly what I thinke : Six braver spirits
 Then these they have brought, (if we judge by the ou
 I never saw, nor read of : He that stands
 In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming
 Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,
 (His very lookes so say him) his complexion,
 Nearer a browne, than blacke ; sterne, and yet noble,
 Which shewes him hardy, searelesse, proud of dangers,
 The circles of his eyes show faire within him,
 And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes ;
 His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and shining
 Like Ravens wings : his shoulders broad, and strong,
 Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
 Hung by a curious Bauldricke ; when he frownes
 To scale his will with, better o' my conscience
 Was never Souldiers friend.

Thes. Thou ha' st well describde him,

Per. Yet a great deale short
 Me thinks, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

Thes. Pray speake him friend.

Per. I ghesse he is a Prince too,
 And if it may be, greater ; for his show
 Has all the ornament of honour in't :
 Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight he spoke of,
 But of a face far sweeter ; His complexion
 Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy : he has felt
 Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter
 To make this cause his owne : In's face appears
 All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,
 And when he's angry, then a settled valour
 (Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,
 And guides his arme to brave things : Feare he cannot,
 He shewes no such soft temper, his head's yellow,
 Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy tops,
 Not to undoe with thunder ; In his face

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